

shadows of a lost day
in a dead land.

An old man without wife or son
all my friends have gone
and here with my dreams and horses
I drive the cattle through the peace of morning.

for Wallace Stevens

Crossing lofts
and quiet porticos
of thought

through formless archways
and distressed walls
of ruined cities

I hear them on the stair
Rimbaud and Baudelaire
their thoughts distributed
like the marble notes
from bowed
celli
down a dark vibrato
hall.

Thunder stalks them
through the piano
the sun a quiet suicide.

And all the time
dwarfs at the window
of the university quoting both
puncture
modicums for unborn sons.

Wm. Makepeace T. and the Kamikaze Express

1.

The mail man
kept whipping out
sections of his
novel covered in a rain
coat, hair flat and waxy.
He was looking for Galway
Kinnell
the novelist.

He had come from Alabama
with his father
on the rotted porch waving g'bye